NORTH CAROLINA RURAL ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE MAGAZINE

THE Carolina Farmer

IN THIS ISSUE

CO-OP NEWS
Page 3

CHRISTMAS LIGHTING
Page 4

FEEDING CHICKS

A Carolina Farmer Bonus
3 Christmas Short Stories!
Pages 6 and 7

HOMEMAKER'S PAGES
Pages 8 and 9

NEW PRODUCTS
Page 12

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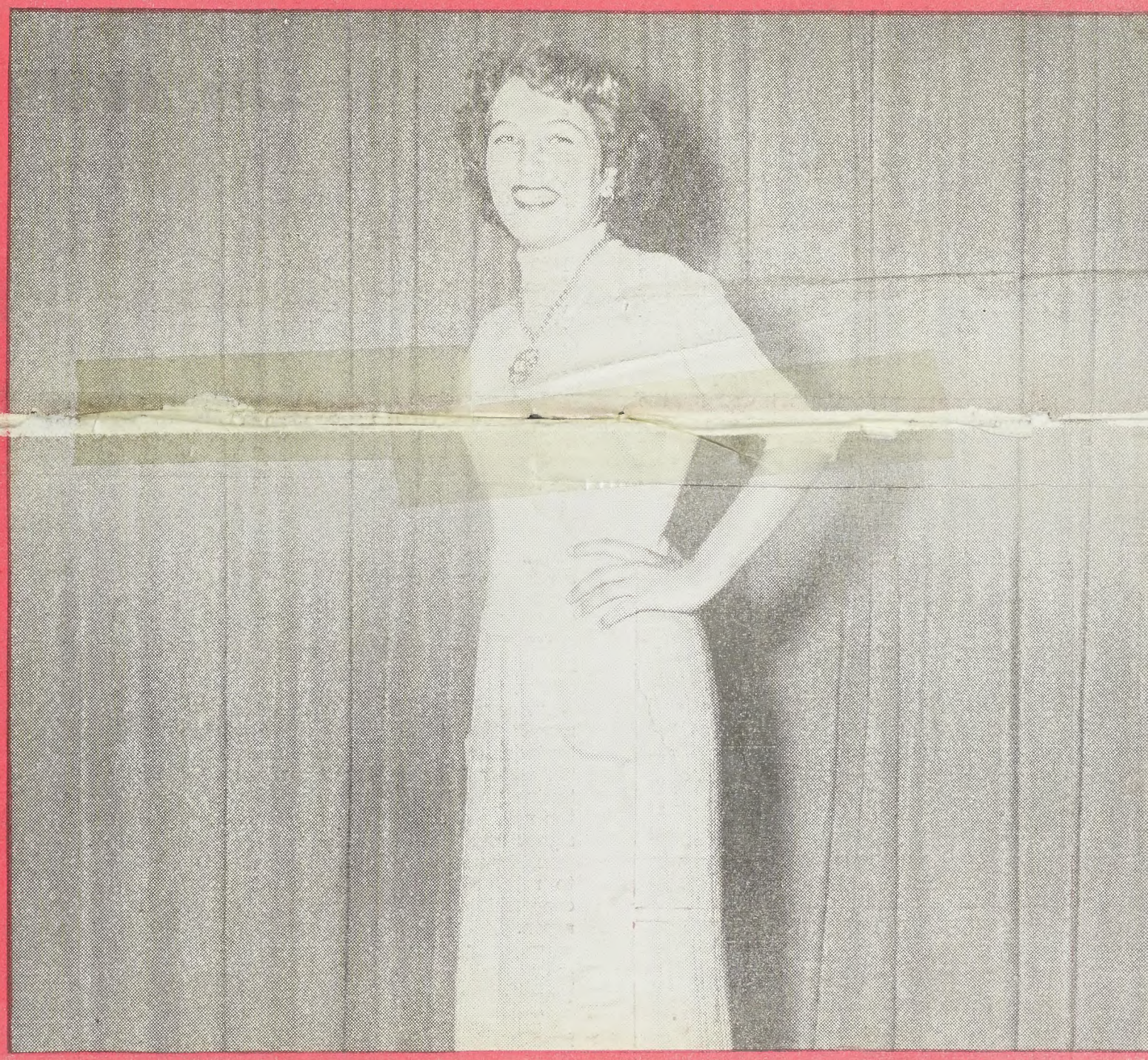

PRESENTING THE NEW QUEEN--Miss Betty Leonard of Shallotte

See Cover Note, Page 2

The Heart of a Nation

Once again a nation's heart beats to the tune of the ageless Christmas carols, and a plea for "peace on earth, good will toward men" is heard throughout the land.

Once again a nation's children thrill to the exciting anticipation of the Christmas season —and her adults recapture for a precious time the magical fire of their youth.

Ominous war clouds, the high cost of living, the bitter struggles of the past year are momentarily forgotten as a nation celebrates the birth of an humble Babe in Bethlehem. Faith and hope are rekindled by the words: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The simple teachings of that divine Babe seep into the soul of a nation, and charity and love of fellow-men are evidenced on every street corner—in the Girl Scout who asks a passing shopper to help fight tuberculosis—in the tireless face under the bonnet of a Salvation Army worker, whose bell reminds one of his duty to feed a hungry mouth on Christmas day—in the shopper who says a kind word to a sales-girl, remembering that she, too, is tired.

What a pity that the "Christmas spirit" can't last throughout the year. Would that every star each evening, not just on Christmas Eve, recall to the people below that brilliant Star of Bethlehem and the hope that is symbolized in its luster.

A nation's prayer for "peace on earth, good will toward men" could be realized if the birth of Christ were celebrated each day of the year—if its people remembered that hungry mouths must be fed often, not just in December—that the hard-luck family in the next block must shoe its children all year—that words of comfort, expressions of confidence would permeate the air not leased by the out the year with the message received by the lowly shepherds on that first Christmas so long ago—and that her heart constantly echo the cry of the herald angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

On the Cover

The lovely lady on our Cover this month is Betty Leonard, recently chosen "Miss Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation." Betty, a senior at Shallotte High School, has a legitimate claim as "Miss North Carolina REA for 1952," since no other contests were held in the state this year. A good look at Betty convinces us that a statewide contest would have been only a formality anyway. Welcome aboard, Your Highness.

The Carolina Farmer

Dedicated To Better Rural Living

Published Monthly by
THE TARHEEL ELECTRIC MEMBERSHIP ASSOCIATION
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VOL. VII NO. 12

WASHINGTON REPORT

BY WILLIAM S. ROBERTS
Editor, RURAL ELECTRIFICATION
Official Publication of the
National Rural Electric Cooperative Association

Co-op people will applaud the choice of Ezra Taft Benson as Secretary of Agriculture for the recognition of the important position cooperatives have taken in American farm life. Benson is one of America's outstanding marketing specialists. He was executive secretary of the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives from 1939 to 1944. Benson was born in Idaho, August 4, 1899 and was educated at the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah; Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa; and the University of California, Berkeley, Caliornia. He has experience as farmer, county agent, extension economist and marketing specialist in Idaho and was a missioner abroad for the Mormon church. He is a member of the governing body of the Mormon church.

He has been a member of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of the American Institute of Cooperation since 1948 and is now chairman of the Board. The National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, organized in 1929, is made up of 110 farmer-owned marketing and purchasing cooperatives. The organizations which make up the National Council serve close to 3 million farm families. During the time that Benson was executive secretary, the organization changed its name from the National Cooperative Council and grew in service to farm cooperatives.

Benson's close association with the coop- the movement should mean continuing [illegible] Department of Agriculture and the cooperative in America.

The National Tax Equality Association is playing Paul Revere again. Many lobbyists may go out of business due to the fact that the businesses that support them are alleged to be in the driver's seat in the new administration, so says a popular correspondent.

But one lobby, the NTEA, does not seem to take this dim view of its own future and is sending out 12 new advertisements to its mailing list of businessmen-members and others.

"There must be an aroused public demand" they say. To stir the faint hearted businessman, one approach is used as follows: "It will not be necessary for you or other businessmen to sign the ads. We will supply the name of a state organization . . . as the signer and sponsor of the ads."

Although none of the ads specifically point to rural electric co-ops, the attack on the cooperatives all down the line has begun again.

The Federal Power Commission was to begin to take testimony in Washington on Hells Canyon Dam area on January 12.

This would have been the last opportunity for a hearing before that body as present constituted. However, just before the election, the Idaho Power Company, which has applied for a license to build a series of low head dams, made a request to the FPC which would delay the hearings another 30 days.

This hearing may throw light on the attitude of the Commission under a new administration for it is certain that those 30 days will mean a change in chairman, possibly to one who is less sympathetic to the government project than the present one. Thomas Buchanan, present chairman, was not confirmed for his seat by Congress after Truman appointed him in the spring. Buchanan, who services under an interim appointment, has generally supported the government's established power policy.

From Marshall To Morehead

By Jerry Anderson

As usual, the quarterly board meeting of the Tarheel Association in Raleigh last month had its lighter moments—and its red faces. The reddest belonged to a materials salesman who appeared one morning with a "Reddy Kilowatt" (symbol of the profit power companies) tie clasp instead of his "Willie Wired-hand" (symbol of the electric co-ops) clasp. When informed of his mistake, he hastily returned to his room for a quick change.

This reporter managed to get a little pink himself when he confused his "Docs" and called Manager Bishop of Shallotte "Crowe" (Both Bishop and Manager Crowe of Rutherford are known as "Doc").

* * *

Mary Hatley, accomplished daughter of Manager Lee Hatley of Morganton, attended the banquet session of the meeting and thoroughly enjoyed our case of "deadline jitters" as we waited impatiently for the main speaker to arrive. The press service which was to carry an account of the meeting to the state's newspapers had given us a 7:30 p.m. deadline. We had a story written, except for the two lead paragraphs which would quote the speaker.

sing. Mary, [illegible] Meredith Coll[illegible] State News Bure[illegible] line herself, had a wo[illegible]g us as the pressure mount[illegible], it was a busman's holiday if ever t[illegible] was one. With a little improvising, it all came out and you probably read about the banquet in your paper the next morning.

Did You Know

That for a great many years after electtricity was first developed the only way the average consumer used this magic power was to light his home . . .

That today there are over 400 *different* ways electricity can be used in the home and on the farm alone . . .

That you will be amazed (just count them and see for yourself!) by the number of ways you yourself are using electricity right now.

That of all the things which are more economical when bought in large quantities electricity is the cheapest; the cost of each kilowatt hour, when hundreds are used, being less than one sixth the cost of each kilowatt hour when only a few are used . . .

That, after considering the average monthly amount of power already being used, two families recently discovered that the additional power needed to operate a jointly installed electric water pump would cost them only 27c per month each . . .

That if someone were to ask you to carry water for two families for 54c a month you would probably think he was joking . . .

Tarheel Directors Attend Quarterly Board Meeting

The board of directors of the Tarheel Electric Membership Association met in Raleigh's Carolina Hotel November 19-20 for their regular quarterly meeting.

At the first session they heard the reports of William T. Crisp, executive manager of the Association, and Jerry Anderson, editor of the CAROLINA FARMER. Crisp called for an extensive information program to "bring the facts about rural electric co-operatives to the people."

"Many people," Crisp said, "seem to have the idea that our cooperatives are agencies of the government. We need to make them realize that they are local business institutions, owned and controlled by the people they serve."

At a banquet meeting Wednesday evening, November 19, the directors heard Ralph Foreman, assistant area director of REA, declare that 90 percent of North Carolina's farms now have electricity. "I am sure," he said, "that you will never be content until every farmer in your state who wants electricity has it available."

The second day was devoted largely to a panel discussion by REA personnel of the capital credits system and a report on rural telephone progress by Gwyn [illegible]. Price, chairman of the N. C. Rural Electrification Authority.

Price reported that as of November 1, REA had made 6 telephone loans in the state to provide service for 11,435 new rural subscribers and to improve service to another 4,153. He said that plans are now under way in many areas which he expects to result in immediate action toward extended telephone service.

Telephone Co-op Gets $255,000 REA Loan

The Rural Electrification Administration announced on November 24 that a loan of $255,000 had been allotted the Tri-County Telephone Membership Corporation, Belhaven, to provide modern telephone service for rural areas of Beaufort and Washington Counties.

The newly-formed cooperative proposes to construct 148 miles of line and install automatic dial facilities to serve 506 new rural subscribers. Dial central offices will be located at Sidney Cross Roads, Pinetown and Wenona. The co-op has negotiated a contract with the Woodstock Electric Membership Corporation for management and operation services, and commercial office facilities. Service without toll charge will be available between the Sidney Cross Roads and Wenona exchange areas, and similar service is planned between those areas and their nearby trading centers.

South River Co-op Repays $270,000 Loan 23 Years Ahead of Schedule

Roy V. Tew, treasurer of the South River Electric Membership Corp., holds facsimilie of $270,000 note which was burned at the co-op's annual meeting. Note paid government $57,000 in interest.

Paid $57,000 In Interest

The South River Electric Membership Corporation, Dunn, N. C., climaxed 11 years of operation at its annual meeting on November 14 by burning a facsimile of the co-op's first note with REA.

The note—representing a loan of $270,000 granted the cooperative in December, 1940—was not due in full until 1975. It was repaid 23 years ahead of schedule.

During the ten years it held the note, the government received $57,000 in interest on its investment.

The first loan was made to South River to cover the cost of constructing 320 miles of line to serve 921 members in Sampson and Cumberland Counties. Today, the co-operative serves some 7,000 members in Harnett, Johnston, Bladen, Cumberland and Sampson Counties.

The note was burned with electricity following a dramatic re-enactment of the first meeting of the board of directors. During this program the board members recounted some of their early experiences in conducting sign-up campaigns for the cooperative. Many people, they said, were unable to believe at that time that it was possible for them to secure service.

Manager R. R. Edwards credited widespread use of power as the

(Continued on Page 11)

Davie EMC Premieres Movie At Community Meeting

The Davie Electric Membership Corporation, Mocksville, held the first public showing of its color movie, "The Campbells Visit The Co-op," at a community meeting of members in the William R. Davie School on November 14.

The movie, filmed last summer by staff members of the Davie cooperative, features the people and the farms of the area served by the co-op. The scenes are built around a trip taken by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Campbell of Route 4, Statesville, over the Davie lines. They are escorted by Mrs. Wyona Johnson, home economist, who alternates with Manager J. C. Jones to describe the scenes.

The movie abounds with color shots of magnificent mountain scenery and golden grain in the foothills of the Blue Ridge range. The first scenes show the differences in family living before and after water systems are installed. Few farmers who see these scenes will have forgotten the burdensome task of carrying water for stock and home consumption; few homemakers will fail to remember the scrub board which is shown in use.

In succession, the Campbells visit dairy, sheep, beef, swine, poultry and apple farms. At each, the narrators explain how electricity is helping to increase production and profits.

One sequence of scenes, made at Homer William's Hamptonville farm, shows a variety of modern farm equipment at work. A hay crop is mowed, raked, put in the barn and dried with a minimum of effort with machinery.

Other scenes show co-op electricity at work in rural industry, with several particularly good shots of the Veteran's Grease and Tallow Plant in Davie County.

After viewing these farm scenes, the Campbells visit the co-op office to attend a meeting of the board of directors.

The movie abounds with human interest and it is almost impossible to conceive of any member of the co-op who will not see either himself or someone he knows. It will be shown in the six counties served by Davie at community meetings.

Wake to Sponsor Essay Contest

Manager Leonard Shearon of the Wake Electric Membership Corporation at Wake Forest has announced that the co-op will sponsor a high school essay contest early in 1953. Tentative plans call for attractive cash prizes for winning compositions.

Farmers' Income Rises But Costs Rise Faster

North Carolina's farm income will probably hit the billion-dollar mark for the first year in history in 1952, but the cost of things that farmers must buy has risen at an even faster rate.

In 1953, forecasts D. D. Brown, N. C. State College farm management extension specialist, Tar Heel farmers will have to take the sweet of another good year along with bitter of a 5 to 8 per cent drop in net income because of the price-cost squeeze.

Costs in 1953 will level off for the farm wife, according to Mamie Whisnant, State College extension home management specialist. Food prices will be about the same as now, perhaps less, while prices for textiles, household equipment, supplies and furniture may be slightly higher.

Brown and Miss Whisnant recently returned from the annual national outlook conference in Washington. Meetings are now being held in 90 of North Carolina's 100 counties for discussion of the 1953 farm outlook.

Brown points out that the farmer will have to produce more efficiently in 1953 to keep the narrowing price-cost gap from closing further and shrinking his net income.

Wanted . . .

RED CEDAR

•

Timber

Logs

Lumber

Stumpage

•

We Pay Highest Cash Prices at Cars

Geo. C. Brown & Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

SOUTHERN ENGINEERING COMPANY

ARCHITECTS — ENGINEERS

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Here's the Way To Curb a Rupture

Successful Home Method That Anyone Can Use On Any Reducible Rupture Large Or Small

COSTS NOTHING TO FIND OUT

Thousands of ruptured men will rejoice to know that the full plan so successfully used by Capt. W. A. Collings for his double rupture from which he suffered so long will be sent free to all who write for it.

Merely send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Inc., 712-K, Watertown, N. Y. It won't cost you a cent to find out and you may bless the day you sent for it. Hundreds have already reported satisfactory results following this free offer. Send right away—NOW—before you put down this paper.
THE CAROLINA FARMER Advertisement

Want to Buy Something?

—Look in The Rural Exchange

Want to Sell Something?

—Let Others Know About It Through

The Rural Exchange

Special Rates For Electric Co-op Members

Christmas

A SEASON OF LIGHT

"Ever since the three wise men saw the star of Bethlehem, light has been the symbol of Christmas, but only since the advent of electricity has Christmas lighting become universal"

WHETHER you're an apartment dweller or own your home, here are a few basic suggestions offered by lighting experts which can mean an attractive yet economical decoration for your home:

Decide what exterior features you want to emphasize . . . the high pitch of roof or gables, shrubbery, front door, or view window.

Determine the quantity of wire, sockets and lamps needed. Weatherproof cord, sockets, fixtures and plugs should be used outdoors.

Check the condition of your string sets and devices, and replace worn, broken or frayed parts.

Among the easy-to-use aids for holiday lighting are strings, festoons, stars, projector flood lamps, molded plastic Santa faces and canes, electric candles, wreaths and signs.

How to combine these products into effective displays is a matter of individual taste. Here are some specific displays designed by lighting experts which will help you make your home say "Merry Christmas" indoors and outdoors with holiday lighting.

Begin at your door where nothing is more effective than a handsome wreath of Christmas greens. Highlight it by placing a projector floodlight in a swivel-type holder and point it so that it shows up the deep green of the wreath and blankets the doorway in a soft white light.

IF YOU are fortunate enough to have some shrubbery or small trees, these lend themselves to the conventional treatment with outdoor strings. Try using solid colors on some trees, or patterns of two colors. All blue lights, except for a few white accents, are particularly effective.

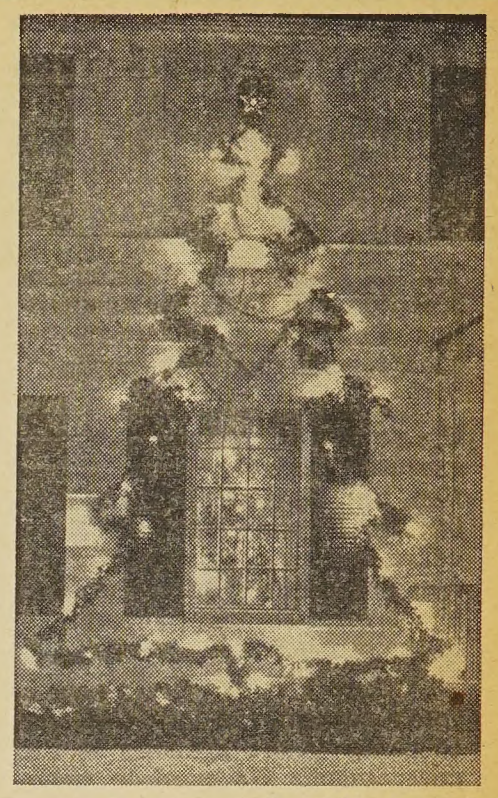
Newer homes without benefit of shrubbery often present a problem when it comes to holiday lighting. One solution suggested by lighting specialists is to entwine colored outdoor strings of lights and evergreen festooning and, framing a window, fasten it to the house in the shape of a giant tree. For a "tree within a tree" design, spot your indoor tree in the same window. (See illustration)

Homes with interesting architectural lines particularly lend themselves to artistic yet dignified decoration. One of the easiest methods and one which accents the lines of a home is to floodlight the whole house in a soft blue light. Projector floodlights (150-watt) using blue glass covers can be concealed in low shrubbery on the front lawn.

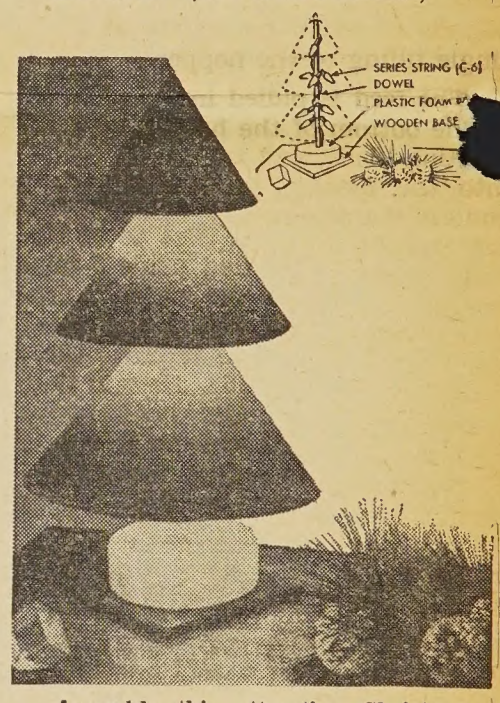
IF YOU have an unusually attractive window, just outline it with strings of lights to form a perfect frame for the family Christmas tree. Balance the setting with lighted shrubbery.

To greet guests as they step into your front hallway, a lighted bell suspended over a bouquet of Christmas greens on the hall table is an inexpensive holiday decoration. Use fireproof papier-mache, plastic, or foil bell, wire it with a regular household size socket on an extension cord. Use a 25-watt bulb in red, green, yellow or blue for a glowing color effect, or a 60- or 100-watt silvered bowl bulb in a porcelain socket for a subtle indirect lighting effect.

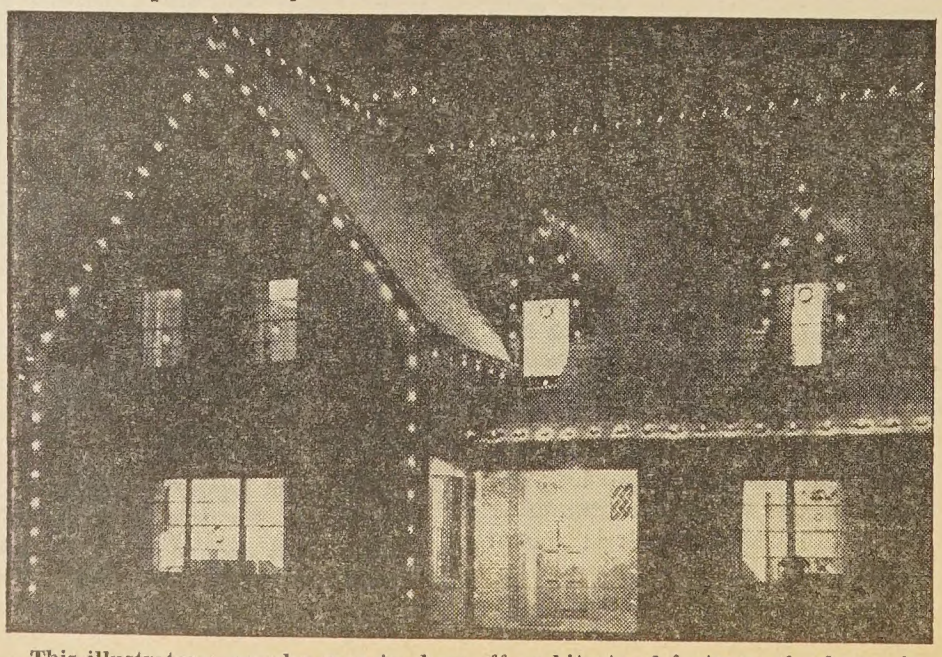
Modern, stylized trees which will add a festive touch to your mantel are easily made with these inexpensive ingredients: gift wrapping paper, strings of lights, doweling and wooden disks or blocks. Lighted strings should be secured to the dowel with electrical tape after the dowel has been nailed to the base. Cover this basic "tree" with a cone of fireproof material that is transparent enough to allow the glow of colored light to shine through. Be sure to make the cones large enough so that the top bulb is at least one-quarter inch away from material. (See illustrations.)



An ingenious "tree within a tree" design makes this home's decoration outstanding. It is particularly applicable to homes without the benefit of shrubbery or trees.



Assemble this attractive Christmas lamp in four easy steps. (1) Attach dowel to wooden base with tacks; (2) press plastic foam piece in place . . . you can easily force the dowel through the foam; (3) attach string lights to dowel with electrical tape; (4) cover "tree" with cone made from colorful wrapping paper.



This illustrates a popular way to show off architectural features of a home, in this case the roof lines and gables.

AND REMEMBER, for a safe and Merry Christmas, check the condition of all your decorating lights. Look for fraying parts which might mean broken or exposed wire. Check for broken wire by twisting wire near socket or by wiggling the socket itself. If light flickers, discard complete string or device unless practical to rewire it yourself. As for decorative devices, be sure no foil is touching the socket.

With these basic suggestions and a little imagination, your home when decorated for the occasion will be a prettier and merrier one this Christmas.

Is Electricity Profitable in the Chicken House? Just Ask This Madison County Poultryman Who Has Equipment That Automatically

Feeds 7,000 Chicks For 6 Cents Per Day

By Ray D. Cohn

Harry Silver, assistant farm agent, inspects one of the electric feeders in the Roberts poultry house. Feeder will hold 550 pounds of mash or pellets at a single filling of the hopper.

WILLIE Wiredhand has really been put to work on the farm of G. B. Roberts at Barnard, N. C. Mr. Roberts has a broiler house which houses 7,000 birds on two floors, and he has given Willie Wiredhand the job of feeding and watering the chickens, as well as that of lighting the broiler house.

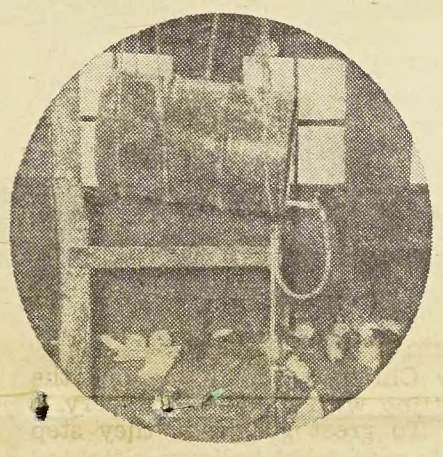
Feeding the chickens sounds like only a few minutes' work, but when there are 7,000 chickens to be fed, it can be quite a time-and-labor-consuming chore. Mr. Roberts has solved his problems in this respect by installing two Kitson electric feeders, one on each floor of the broiler house. Each feeder has a one-third horsepower electric motor, and holds 550 pounds of mash or pellets at a single filling of the hopper.

The feed is pulled into a hole in the bottom of the hopper by a rotating blade, and is carried out into the feeding trough by an endless chain conveyor. The feeding trough is two hundred feet long, and extends completely around the floor of the broiler house, about six feet from the outside walls. The feed conveyor runs along in the bottom of the trough at a speed of about twenty feet per minute. There are vertical bars attached to the chain, which move along with it and prevent the birds from sitting or standing on top of the trough.

Mr. Roberts says he formerly had to haul the feed in a wheelbarrow and pour it into the feeding troughs from a coal bucket. This was a job which consumed about four hours of his time each day, and it was difficult to avoid spilling some of the feed as it was being poured into the troughs. His new electric feeders take only a few minutes to fill, and there is no waste of feed from spilling. The chickens waste less feed with the electric feeders, because the conveyor has been adjusted to keep about an inch of feed in the bottom of the trough, instead of filling it to the top.

ONE OF THE things which Mr. Roberts likes best about the feeder is that he no longer has to stay home to see that the chickens are fed. An automatic timer operates the feeders for periods of 1½ hours four times each day, leaving the family free to spend the day away from the farm without worrying about the chickens being fed.

What about the job of furnishing water for 7,000 birds? There is an electric pump on the lower floor of the broiler house which pumps fresh water from a nearby spring. The water is piped to watering troughs on both floors of the house, and each trough has an automatic float valve that keeps it filled to the proper level.



This unique device automatically medicates water for chicks, takes only 10 minutes per day (see story)

Mr. Roberts found that this system worked fine in normal times, but when disease threatened his flock and medication had to be given in the drinking water, he had to revert to the old-fashioned method of mixing the medication and pouring it into the troughs by hand. With 7,000 chickens to be dosed, this was a full-time job, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts had to work in shifts day and night to keep the watering troughs filled.

The problem was very neatly and simply solved by placing a 55-gallon barrel on the top floor and connecting it to the water system. Now, when it is necessary to give medication in the water, Mr. Roberts opens a valve on the barrel and allows it to fill by pressure from the pump. The medication is put into the barrel with the water, and the pressure of the entire system is cut off by closing the main valve on the water tank. The watering troughs are then supplied through the automatic float valves by gravity pressure from the barrel. This takes about ten minutes, which is certainly better than the twenty-four hours a day which was formerly required.

CONVENIENT? Certainly! Expensive? We don't think so, and neither does Mr. Roberts. The electric feeders cost less than three cents per day each to operate, and the pump costs very little more than that. Incidentally, Mr. Roberts likes the automatic timers on the feeders so well that he plans to install one to control the lights in the broiler house.

We consider Mr. Roberts' project an excellent example of the money-making, time- and labor-saving powers of electricity on the farm.

Simple things, like hoeing, have inspired many a poet.

Farm Flock Owners Told To Replace Mongrel Birds

The farmer who keeps a farm flock can greatly increase his labor income per bird by getting rid of his "mongrel" birds, feeding a balanced diet and practicing careful management, according to R. S. Dearstyne, head of the poultry department at N. C. State College.

Noting that it is a universal practice to keep a flock of chickens on every farm, Dearstyne asserts that many of these flocks are made up of mongrel birds—the product of cross-breeding and in-breeding for several years. Such breeding is not conducive to high performance and high quality eggs. Too often the diet of the birds consists of table scraps and grain plus what the birds can pick up on the range, which also is not conducive to a high rate of lay. Housing, in many cases, is indifferent.

Dearstyne points out that eggs from these farm flocks often find their way to market during the spring of the year when most chickens are laying, and that the farm flock owner, as well as the commercial poultryman, will do well to produce the best eggs possible.

Mongrel birds should be replaced by purebreds, or by carefully bred crosses, which would be held for only one year. Many

(*Continued on Page* 11)

A Chariot for Christmas

By
Rebekah Rivers

JOHNNY BRADSHAW conscientiously stepped across the cracks in the sidewalk—those few cracks not yet obscured by the early morning snow. *Step on a crack, break your mother's back —Silent Night, Holy Night—'twas the night before Christmas.*

Johnny was glad that this Christmas promised to be a white one. He didn't usually care whether it snowed — sleigh rides and snow men didn't quite compensate for the struggle to jump out of bed onto the cold linoleum and try to get the house heated for the remainder of the day.

But this Christmas was different — tomorrow, he would awaken with the wonderful feeling of expectation experienced only by nine year old boys on Christmas morning. Tomorrow morning, he wouldn't be walking to Mr. Morrison's drug store to pick up the papers thrown off by the driver of the early morning bus. Tomorrow morning his route would be much shorter, for he'd deliver his papers on the new bicycle.

He took his hands from his pockets and blew on them—partly in an attempt to warm them and partly to show his excitement at the thought of the black and silver bicycle sitting behind the electric ranges in Mr. Muse's hardware store. It had been sitting there waiting for Johnny for many months now. Mr. Muse had promised not to sell it until he had saved the money to buy it.

PERHAPS Christmas was for everybody, like Miss Brooks had told him at school the other day, but he had decided long ago that people like him had to make their own Christmases. He pulled his coat collar up around his neck and ducked his head in an effort to make his ears reach it. He wondered if the Christ Child had been cold in the manger on the first Christmas long ago.

Uncle Billy Mock, the village's oldest Negro, was just opening the drug store doors when Johnny arrived.

"Mornin,' Uncle Billy. Looks like we're gonna have snow for Christmas."

Uncle Billy leaned on the handle of the broom he had picked up to begin his daily chore of sweeping the drug store floor. "Yep, and Venie only has one more bean in her jar, so we only have to think about one more snow this winter." Johnny chuckled at Uncle Billy's reference to his wife's method of foretelling the weather—counting the fogs in August, putting one bean for each fog in a jar, and prophesying the snows accordingly.

"Snow's o.k., but I hope it doesn't get too deep for me to try out my new bicycle tomorrow."

Johnny took a look around the drug store, wound the musical powder box on the cosmetic counter, and listened to the melody of "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." He liked being in the drug store alone like this in the morning — it was as if he and Uncle Billy were the only mortals on earth and that they owned all the treasures contained in the drug store show cases. He filled his old leather saddle bags with the Whitesburg "Clarion," called good-bye to Uncle Billy, and set out on his route.

HIS heart peeled like the bells in the spire of the Methodist Church, and his pockets were lined with gold when he stopped before the hardware store. He rubbed a circle in the frost on the window and flattened his nose against the surface in an effort to see his chariot. He could only see one end of the handle bars, but that was enough to warm his heart with a fire that none of the elements could quench.

Oh, sure, he only had twenty-five of the forty dollars needed to pay for the bicycle, but Mr. Muse had told him he could have it when he saved $25 and that he could pay the balance week by week. And this afternoon, he'd take the precious bundle of bills, pinned securely in his pocket, to Mr. Muse and take possession of the wonderful bicycle. Nope, he wouldn't ride it that evening. He'd take it straight home, polish it (for it had gotten a little dusty in the store awaiting Johnny's care), jump out of bed in the morning and pretend that he had no idea it was going to be there. Then he'd show it around the neighborhood like you were supposed to do on Christmas morning. Yes, people like himself had to make their own Christmases.

"Good morning, Mr. Olson. You'll get your paper earlier tomorrow morning, for I'll deliver it on the new bike I'm getting for Christmas." Mr. Olson smiled, for Johnny's Christmas bike was well known to the people on his route.

Johnny threw Mrs. Brown's paper on her porch with a right curve. Pretty good throw. He'd have to practice that for spring baseball games. Maybe he'd better check to see if Mrs. Brown had plenty of wood in, for she was a little old to have to carry it in the snow.

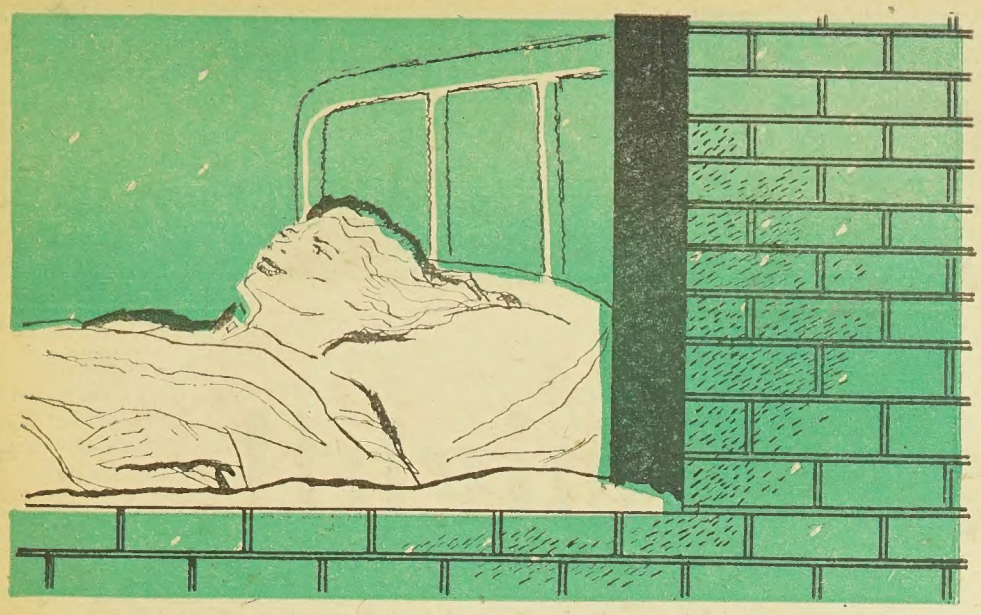
The last house on his route did not take the "Clarion," but he visited there faithfully every morning. It was the home of his old school friend, Bill Whitley. Bill had been the best shortstop on the fourth grade ball team until he took polio during the epidemic last summer. Now he just sat by the window all day—even had to have his lessons with the visiting teacher.

JOHNNY thought how nice it would be if Bill had a wheel chair—at least, he could then visit the other rooms of the house. But wheel chairs are expensive and Bill's family couldn't afford to buy him one. The Woman's Club was trying to raise the money to get one, but since they had done so many other things for him, and had bought so many gifts for the Christmas party they were giving him tomorrow morning, they had decided to leave the wheel chair until after Christmas. Mrs. Smith had told Johnny yesterday that they still lacked $25 to complete the wheel chair fund.

Johnny's spirits nose-dived when he left Bill's house. Golly, just think, Bill couldn't ever play ball again. Why, he couldn't even ride a bike. He remembered how wistfully Bill had looked when he had told him about his Christmas gift to himself. Gee, wouldn't it be wonderful if someone WOULD give that $25 today so the Woman's Club could have the wheel chair for Bill tomorrow.

Thoughts of the $25 made him touch the bills in his pocket . . . the $25 that would just make the down payment on the black and silver bicycle . . . the $25 that

(Continued on Page 10)



The Parting Gift

By Craig Williams

MARIAN Lane listened to the holiday hurrying in the street outside her room, pushed herself up on both elbows, and looked through the window. It was snowing. The soft fluttering flakes had already begun their magic transformation of the outside world. At least, she thought as she lay back on her pillow, it was going to be a white Christmas.

Christmas. It would be her last, the doctors had said. Or at least they may as well have said it, for in September they had told her that three months—four at most—was all she had left. At first she had hardly believed them. She was only 34; she was too young to die. But the endless days of suffering, of slowly wasting away, had borne out their prediction. The hard little knot in her chest, at first barely noticeable, had become a gnawing, consuming pain from which, now, not even the drugs and hypodermic needles could relieve her.

But it was not the prospect of dying which lay so heavily upon her heart. She had long ago resigned herself to that, had come in recent weeks almost to look forward to it as the final, soothing release from pain and torment. No, it was not impending death that commanded her thoughts. It was Christmas—and her apparent helplessness to make even a fitting gesture toward the occasion.

CHRISTMAS. It had always been the brightest moment of her years. Even after John had died in the war it had continued to be a cherished time, a time of bright lights, of cheery faces, of happy giving in Yuletide spirit. It had always rekindled her faith in goodness and her joy in living.

But now, penniless and familyless, flat on her back in the charity room of Ellsworth Hospital—her meager savings long ago exhausted on the initial costs of her dread affliction — Christmas was a dismal prospect. What could she give?

And she did want to give—to the doctors and nurses who, day after day, week after week, had done all within their power to keep her happy, to make her existence as cheerful and comfortable as possible. You never would have known I was a charity patient, she thought. They've treated me like a queen, even the internes from the medical school. To give . . . To give to the Gray Ladies who had visited her daily, to the janitor with his daily dark-faced smile, to the newsboy who donated a paper, to Reverend Jarrell, to Dr. Feemster, to—oh, to all the world who had made her last few months livable, endurable, almost happy.

Christmas. Surely there was something she could give. "Dear God, please help me think of something . . ."

She turned suddenly, desperately, to the small table by her bed, slowly pulled her tablet and fountain pen from the drawer. Grasping the rungs of the bedpost behind her, she strained upward, upward, until finally, weakly, she sat upright. Slowly, painstakingly, she began to write.

OUTSIDE, Christmas had come, a bright sunny day on a world of snow. And inside the hospital too, though life —and death—went on as usual.

"Call Dr. Feemster, I'm afraid she's dying." The nurse turned back to the bed and began timing the pulse of her patient.

The doctor came, and felt, and listened, and shook his head. "She's gone, poor dear. It was a cruel Christmas day for her." He remembered the pain she had known. "But a kind one, too, I suppose." He turned to leave the room.

"Doctor, we found this on her table. It's addressed to you."

The doctor opened the envelope, read the two short paragraphs which Marian had written. Then unashamedly, through the tears that now ebbed in his eyes, he looked back down at the face of Marian Lane. Death, he noted, had left a soft, sweet smile upon her closed eyes and soft lips.

"What did it say?" the nurse whispered. "What did she write, doctor?"

"It is her Christmas gift to the hospital," he said. "Indeed, to the whole world." He paused, swallowed hard, looked back down at the handwritten words. "We'll have to get right to work. She's willed her eyes to the eye bank."

The Trio

By Jay Anders

THEY came to us out of a swirling snowstorm on Christmas Eve, 1944—an old woman, a small boy, and a dog. They came and stayed the night because we asked them to, and the next morning they were gone; and we never saw or heard from them again. But as long as one of us who was here that night lives to observe a Christmas, they will be here in spirit, before this fire. In that dark year, they brought us the greatest gift we could have received.

We had decided not to have the usual family Christmas celebration in 1944. The whole world was torn with strife and conflict that year and two of our grandchildren had already given their lives in what seemed to be a useless struggle for peace on earth. A granddaughter, Beth, was with us, large with child, while the husband who should have been at her side was thousands of miles away on a tiny, obscure island. Our faith in the meaning of the Christmas story had been sorely tried, and we could find little meaning in it.

The few who had gathered largely out of habit, in the old homeplace that night, were strangely silent. Occasionally someone would make an attempt at saying something cheerful, or walk to a window to peer out into the storm, or glance fleetingly at the vacant corner where the great tree had always stood in better years.

It was Cousin Charlie, I remember, who first heard the feeble knock at the door. He held up his hand and we all listened. It was repeated. We looked anxiously at each other. Who would be out on such a night?

WHILE we watched curiously, Charlie hurried to the door and opened it, and gave a sharp little cry. We all rushed to him and involuntarily fell back as our eyes caught the scene on the porch.

Standing there, her face lined with age and blue with cold, was a woman. Her back, bent with the years, was stooped even lower as she huddled against the wind. Standing slightly in front of her, his quivering chin held proudly erect, was a small boy. Both were dressed shabbily against the cold. Cuddled against him with one arm, the boy held a dog—a very unlikely little dog with huge ears, colorless hair and brown eyes; with his other hand the boy held a large green cedar. He plainly was the man of the group and so it was he who spoke.

"We got lost in the storm," he said through chattering teeth. "Could you please show us the way to the next town?" And he wanted nothing more from us, you could tell that; just the road to town.

Of course, we insisted that they come in and warm. I'm sure the boy would have refused for himself, but after a careful look at the old woman, he thanked us and led her in. After they were seated before the fire, we tried to find out, without asking them directly, who they were and where they were going. But they never told us. The old woman said little, and the boy only enough to be polite. They were taking a Christmas tree to the city, he said, to his mother, and they had lost their way.

By a strange coincidence, Beth had leaned his tree in the vacant corner. And it suddenly seemed very right for it to be there. With the gentle wisdom of the young, Beth turned to the boy. "Do you think your mother would mind," she asked, "if we decorated the tree here, and you took it to her tomorrow?"

HE looked at her solemnly for a long moment and then at the rest of us, and we knew this was a grave decision which he must consider carefully. Finally he nodded slowly, and I'm sure each of us gave a long, silent cheer. We quickly brought out the tree decorations and the room hummed with the cheerful spirit of Christmas. Soon the tree was glittering in the corner, the smell of fresh popcorn was in the air and even the sad little dog yelped happily. The old woman smiled her approval as the boy became engrossed with the electric train which had been intended for a grandchild. In the midst of it all, Beth placed a hand on my arm and nodded to them. I knew what she was thinking. There would be many Christmas Eves, for the child she carried and for millions of other children. Only they must be allowed to live in a world that knew the spirit of Christmas—a world that was worth dying for. And it had taken this strange group to show us—an old woman, a boy and a dog.

They were gone the next morning, and so was the tree. We saw their footprints in the snow, and the rut made by the branches of the tree as he dragged it along. We never saw them again; but the next week, in the city paper, there was an item about a Christmas tree being found on an obscure grave in Potter's Field.

NORTH CAROLINA Homemakers' Page

Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight!

For almost two thousand years Christmas has been the most celebrated holiday of every year. Celebrated by all kinds of people in all parts of the world—people whose taste in living and eating differ, but whose feeling about Christmas is the same.

Childhood Christmas Best

Our Christmases never get "better" as the years go by, because the Christmases of our childhood are "best." Perhaps it is for this reason that we draw on the traditions and symbols of Christmas with which our parents brightened our early Christmases.

To everybody, Christmas means shining lights and shining eyes, gayety, laughter, peace and joy, as well as prayerful thanksgiving. Christmas means good cheer—and good food. Christmas is stuffed goose, plum pudding, roast beef, a wassail bowl, magi cakes or lebkuchen — depending on where you come from and what your inherited traditions are. Christmas is a spicy smell, filling homes from one end of Christendom to the other.

It was always so, with Christmas. This, of all times to people everywhere, is the time of seasoning—the time when the magic of cinnamon, powdered cloves, ginger, nutmeg, anise, allspice and aromatic bitters is brought to bear on the foods which will grace the festive board. And the Christmas feast is an integral part of the holiday.

In the time of the Saxons, the festive board was spread with its "bord-cloth" and the guests waited for the two specialties that marked Christmas: the peacock and the boar's head. The peacock, always borne to the table by a lady, perhaps the most beautiful of the female guests, sometimes arrived in the form of a pie, with the head of the bird protruding from one side of the crust, and its wide-spread tail from the other. More often, the bird was skinned, stuffed with herbs, and roasted. Just before it was served, the skin was put back on.

Strangled By Philosophy

Legend has it that the boar's head was served to commemorate the brave English student who was attacked by a wild boar while he studied Aristotle in the woods. As the beast bore down upon him, the intrepid young man crammed the philosopher down the throat of the savage. Hence, the head of the boar was always served with a large apple stuffed in its mouth.

Although the decoration of the fir tree dates from old Roman times, the gaily decked Christmas tree has become a symbol of Christmas in the United States.

The English Christmas feast of that era ended always with a dish unknown to modern times. It was called "frumenty" and consisted of wheat boiled till the grains burst. When the mixture was cool it was strained and boiled again with broth or milk and yolks of eggs. As the years passed, more imaginative cooks added other things: raisins, prunes, mace. By 1670 some enterprising culinary artist had revised the recipe further and chopped in some suet, to produce the first plum pudding. Today, plum pudding is as traditional in American Christmas feasting as it is in England. And American cooks have further embellished the plum pudding recipes of the Old World by experimenting with flavoring agents and seasonings. They have, for instance, taken Angostura into the kitchen at holiday time to add its unique blending of spices to their puddings.

"Stir Up"

For centuries, English housewives have been reminded to start making their plum pudding by the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. The prayer for the last Sunday before Advent starts "Stir Up—"

Mince Pie is also a decidedly British addition to the Christmas feast. As early as 1596, "shrid pye," or shredded pie, was popular. The delicacy symbolizes the gifts of the Wise Men to the Christchild, representing a compound of the choicest spices of the world. Today many Americans still make their own mincemeat, a rewarding experience in itself. An excellent recipe, using some of the oldest spices known to man, is the one that follows. It includes, too, aromatic bitters, a favorite seasonsing for more than a century and a quarter, and one of the magic ingredients included in most prepared mince meats.

Mincemeat

- 2 pounds lean beef
- 1 pound suet
- 2 pounds seeded raisins, cut in pieces
- 1½ pounds currants
- 7 cups finely chopped apples
- ¼ pound citron, finely sliced
- 2 pounds brown sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cup molasses
- 1½ quarts cider
- ¾ cup beef stock
- 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- 1½ teaspoons nutmeg or mace
- 1½ teaspoons cloves
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 3 tablespoons Angostura aromatic bitters

Wipe meat with cloth. Cover meat and suet with boiling water and simmer until tender, about 2 hours. Cool, and remove fat which forms on top. Drain and reserve stock. Chop meat and fat very fine and mix with apples. Combine meat and apple mixture with raisins, currants, citron, sugar, salt, molasses, Angostura, cider, beef stock, and suet. Bring slowly to boiling, stirring until sugar is dissolved, and then simmer about 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Add spices and cook 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in lemon juice. Pour at once into hot sterilized jars and seal immediately. Yield: about 4½ quarts.

Mistletoe Kiss—Gift From England

To the English, too, we owe the origin of the mistletoe kiss. The Druid priests of old England at Christmas time went out into the woods and cut mistletoe from the boughs. They blessed the branches and gave them to young men to carry to the homes of the people. It was the duty of the populace to accept the mistletoe and to show their appreciation for the blessing by offering alms to the young men.

The Farmer's Daughter

Wraps Christmas Gifts

By Becky Rivers

ISN'T it exciting to run away from the Christmas crowds to the secrecy of your own room and examine your Christmas purchases? How wonderful to anticipate the pleasure your gifts will give your loved ones on Christmas morning! And even your smallest gift can become a magical offering with the help of a little scotch tape, a whisp of tinseled ribbon, and a few strips of paper.

Instead of wrapping your gifts alone this year, why not invite your favorite pals over for a gift wrapping party? Maybe they could offer suggestions about wrapping those odd-shaped packages. If you're planning a caroling party Christmas Eve, this would be an excellent time for rehearsal. Get out the popcorn popper and the record player and let that Christmas spirit sink in.

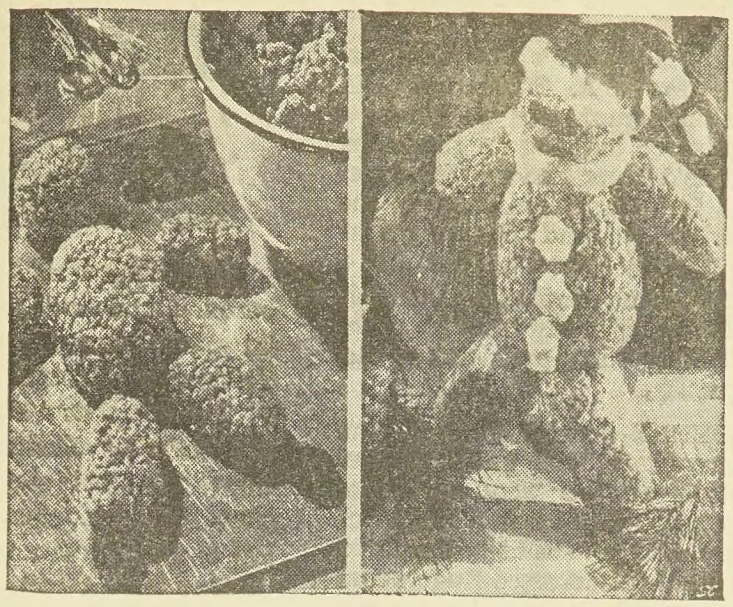
When you're buying your wrappings, don't be disturbed because you can't afford those extra garnishings which would make your packages prettier — make them. Gather some acorns — dip them in silver or gold paint—and, presto, you have a tiny Christmas bell as pretty as those in the stores.

A BLOCK of plastic foam can be transformed into many delightful shapes — and most ten cent stores carry it for as little as fifteen cents per block. Cut a pattern, place it on the block, and cut around it with a good sharp knife. You might try a star, a Christmas tree, a bird, a jolly Santa Claus, or, if you're really talented in design, a nativity scene. When you begin working with these designs, all kinds of clever ideas will pop into your head. They can be pasted on your packages, if carefully done. Or, you can pierce a hole in them and nestle them in the ribbon.

Small pieces of pliable wire do exciting things under artistic fingers. Cover them with gummed ribbon tape, and let your imagination do the rest. Pipe cleaners can be used the same way. Brush them liberally with glue, sprinkle with Christmas tree glitter, and you have a shiny ornament.

I hope your Christmas gifts this year are the prettiest ever . . . and that your Christmas is the happiest ever.

Make a Candy Santa Claus



A clever Christmas Tree ornament or an extra gift for a young child may be a candy Santa Claus which you can make yourself. Aside from ingredients, all the equipment needed is a roll of clear cellophane, a piece of green or red crepe paper, and a small amount of cotton. The directions are given below for one large Santa, but you can make several small ones if you prefer, following the same instructions.

Candy Santa Claus

¼ cup butter or margarine
½ pound marshmallows (about 2½ dozen)
½ teaspoon vanilla
5 cups Rice Krispies

Cook butter and marshmallows over boiling water until syrupy, stirring frequently. Add vanilla; beat thoroughly. Put Rice Krispies into greased large bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly.

When cool enough to handle, shape mixture into "arms," "legs," "head," and "body." Wrap the various parts of the "body" in cellophane and twist ends. Tie at wrists with string and then tie head to body, arms to neck, and so on. Use bits of date for face, crepe paper for hat, cotton to decorate hat and for buttons, and large dried prunes for shoes.

Yield: 1 Santa about 10 inches tall.

"The Greatest Story Ever Told"

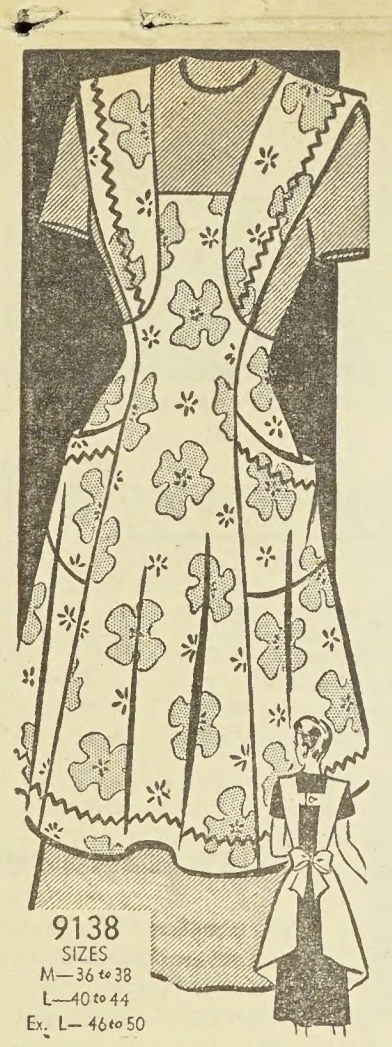
On Sunday, January 4, when "The Greatest Story Ever Told" enters upon its seventh consecutive year on the American Broadcasting Company's national network, Henry Denker will likewise celebrate his sixth anniversary as writer and director of this outstanding religious program.

Denker joined "The Greatest Story Ever Told" when it was still in the idea stage and has been its writer and director ever since. He collaborated with the late Fulton Oursler on planning the programs and since Oursler's recent death, Denker has been in charge of planning as well as writing and directing the program.

"The Greatest Story Ever Told" is known in radio circles as radio's most phenomenal program; it has more unusual features than perhaps any other program on the air. The problems it had to face before it went on the air were legion. As an example, there was the problem of broadcasting the voice of Christ in such a way that no one would be offended.

It has won more awards, including the coveted Peabody Award, than any other program on radio.

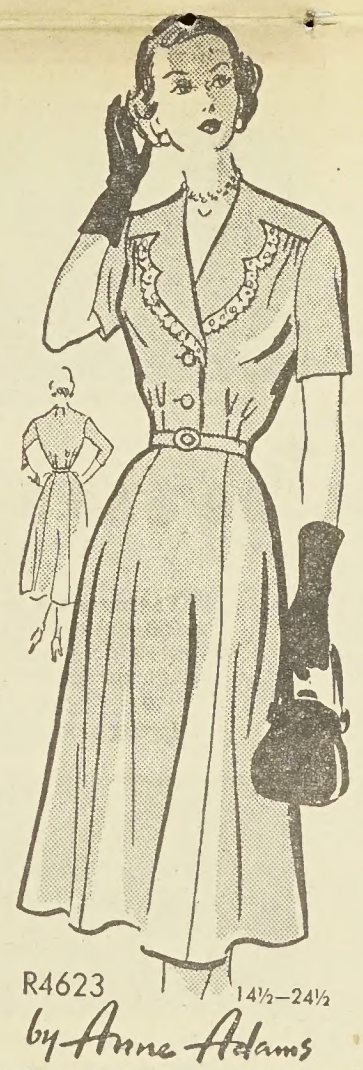
Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: CAROLINA FARMER, 222, Pattern Dept., 232 W. 18th St., New York 11, N. Y.



PROTECTS YOU from spots and splashes! Here's what you need for a real working apron! Gay with rickrack trim, practical with hold-all pockets, plenty of coverage, and nonskid straps. Put this on K.P. duty at once!

Pattern 9138 in sizes medium 36-38; large 40-44; extra large 46-50. Medium size takes 2¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

This easy-to-use pattern gives perfect fit. Complete, illustrated Sew Chart shows you every step.



THIS IS YOUR HALF-SIZE pattern, designed for the shorter waisted, fuller figure! You'll find it so easy to cut, with NO alteration worries. This particular dress is just what you need for now through fall, a good all-around dress!

Pattern R4623: Half Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½, Size 16½ takes 3¼ yards 39-inch.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

EASY? 1-2-3, and you have her new school wardrobe all finished and ready to put on! Jacket, blouse, jumper — 1-2-3 parts to mix and match a dozen different ways for Monday to Friday. Make all three in corduroy or cotton!

Pattern R4621: Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jacket, 1¼ yards 35-inch nap; jumper 2⅜ yards; blouse, 1 yard 35-inch.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

A Chariot for Christmas

(Continued from Page 6)

could make that wheel chair possible for Bill. Shucks, Bill wouldn't want him to do that. He'd saved too long for that bike, and he'd never had anything special for Christmas except the stick candies and toys he got at the Sunday School parties.

With this comforting thought, he kicked a tin can from his path.

Bill couldn't ever kick a can again . . .

JOHNNY decided to go by the hardware and have another look at the wonderful bike which would be his in a matter of hours. For months he had entered the store with crossed fingers and a pounding heart. What if Mr. Muse had forgotten his promise and sold it to some other kid? But there it was in all its splendor, just as he had left it earlier this morning. Johnny examined the tail light, straightened the wire basket, and stood back to admire the complete magical spectacle. But the shiny new bike suddenly became a sturdy, practical wheel chair.

The big safety pin which held the bills in Johnny's pocket weighed a ton. Aw, shucks, Rod Armstrong always let him ride his bike. And he'd just wait until next year to have his big Christmas. With a lump the size of a goose egg in his throat, he started running toward Mrs. Smith's house.

He rang the door bell and unpinned the crumpled bills from his pocket. He wished that lump would go away—he didn't want to be a baby and let Mrs. Smith see him cry.

"Why, Johnny, jump in here out of the cold." She led him into her holiday-bedecked living room and guided him before a blazing fire.

"Miz Smith, you know that wheel chair you women are gonna buy for Bill Whitley?" His words blurted forth like a pistol shot. He had to get it all out in a hurry, so he could get away by himself and do something about the growing lump in his throat. "Well, here's the $25 you needed to finish paying for it." He thrust the money forward and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Johnny, where did you get this money?"

"I saved it from my paper route pay."

"But isn't that the money you saved to make a payment on the black and silver bike you've been talking about for so long?"

"Yes'm, but I decided I didn't want to buy it now. 'Sides, I can start saving again for it." He did wish Mrs. Smith would stop talking and let him get away.

"That's terribly nice of you, Johnny, but . . ." Johnny was going out the door.

SHE watched him go down the street from her window. She brushed away a tear that had somehow slipped down her cheek, and walked to her telephone.

The lump in Johnny's throat was still there, but it didn't seem quite as unmanageable as it had

(Continued on Page 11)

Good Lighting Is Feature of Attractive Study Area

If you're at all handy with a hammer and saw, you can make an attractive study area for the children at nominal cost.

The one shown above features two slabs of plastic-topped plywood with metal stripping on the sides for trim. Rest them on a low chest or desk and add a supporting leg on each end. Top it all with a combination book-light shelf with a shield in front to avoid glare. Then have your electrical contractor install one long fluorescent lamp, or two shorter ones, to light each desk area. The fixture should be switch-controlled from the door.

One final point: to assure good light for young eyes, provide additional general illumination in the room. It'll avoid tiring contrasts between bright and dark spots.

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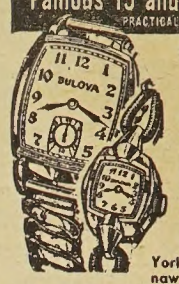

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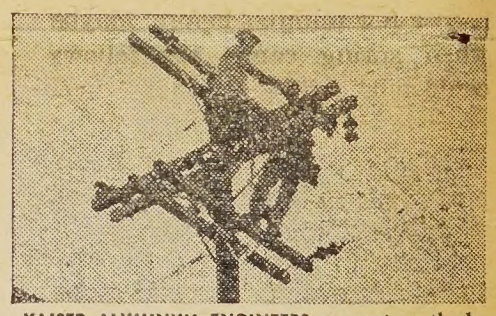


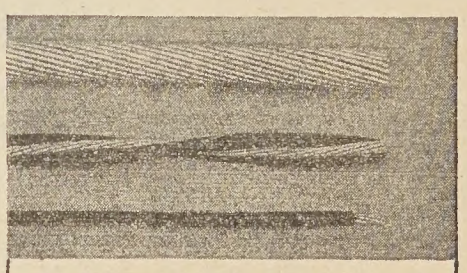
KAISER ALUMINUM ENGINEERS suggest methods to make installation jobs easier. They assist on stringing jobs, gladly furnish sag and tension charts, often devise money-saving techniques.

"We're sure of good service with Kaiser Aluminum"

"Whatever we need," Mr. Lancaster explains, "Kaiser Aluminum gives us a lot of attention and fast service—two good reasons why we buy Kaiser Aluminum conductor for our Cooperative.

"With Kaiser Aluminum, we feel assured that shipping promises will be met, that our orders will receive close attention and follow-up, and will be grouped to give us the lowest quantity extra price.

"And it's good to know that when we need engineering services or technical assistance, Kaiser Aluminum furnishes it promptly and efficiently."



In addition to long-accepted ACSR and All Aluminum Conductor, the following sizes of **Kaiser Aluminum Neoprene Conductor** are accepted by REA:

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Careless Milking May Cost Farmers Thousands of Dollars

Kindness will never kill a milk cow, according to R. K. Waugh, head of the dairy husbandry section of the animal industry department at N. C. State College and it might increase the farmer's income by a surprising amount of money.

And on the other hand, lack of kindness is robbing Tar Heel dairymen of thousands of dollars annually, but since few dairymen keep milking records, they may never miss the money.

Waugh points out that it is very easy to waste a quarter-pound of milk from a single cow at each milking. In one years' time this would amount to 182 pounds lost per cow. Valued at $6 per hundred pounds, this is $10.92 a year. Multiply this by say a hundred-cow herd and you've lost over $1,000.

Waugh points out that you can actually kick away this money. Cows don't like to be kicked, or otherwise mistreated. When they are, they kick back by withholding milk. They also respond to kindness. "Why, you can almost get an extra quarter of a pound of milk simply by patting a cow on the back," Waugh says.

Failure to strip the cow is another practice that is costly to the dairyman, for Bossie holds back the best until the last. That last quarter of a pound of milk is richer in butterfat than what comes before.

In North Carolina, particularly, where the margin of profit is smaller than it should be, careless milking practices can mean the difference between success and failure as a dairyman.

Most dairymen, however, don't keep any production records and don't know just where they might be losing money. What the use of such records can do is shown by Dairy Herd Improvement Association (DHIA) figures.

The average North Carolina cow in 1951, not under DHIA testing, produced only 4,450 pounds of milk, which is dangerously close to the profit-loss margin. DHIA tested cows in the State, however, averaged 8,158 pounds of milk. All of which indicates that farmers with a knowledge of what practices are uneconomical, and what cows are not producing, can remedy the practices and replace unproductive stock with high producers.

A Chariot for Christmas

(*From Page* 10)

been a few minutes before. Maybe when spring came, the fellows could push Bill in the new wheel chair to the ball park, so he could watch the games. He went home the long way to avoid passing the hardware store.

The next morning Johnny awoke with a tingle of anticipation. *Christmas — his bike!* He jerked upright and was half way out of bed before he remembered. Then he bit his lip and closed his eyes tightly to force back the tears. For a long moment, he sat like that on the bed. Then, with a forced shrug, he began to dress, carefully avoiding the corner of the room which was to have held the bike. He had planned to put it there where it would be the first thing he would see this morning.

With a heavy heart he buttoned his coat and prepared for the morning rounds. He opened the door, bracing himself for the cold wind outside — and for a moment his heart stopped. For the second time that morning Johnny closed his eyes and this time he gave his head a sharp twist. Then, stunned with wonder and amazement, he stared at the gleaming black and silver bike. It was leaning against the porch railings, with a huge red ribbon tied around the handle bars.

Johnny approached cautiously and touched it with one finger. It was there all right, but what did it mean? Was it some sort of joke? Then he saw the card tied to the ribbon. Ripping it open, he read the names of all the people on his paper route.

Later, pedaling gaily toward town, Johnny remembered all his previous thoughts about Christmas. Maybe people like himself did have to make their own Christmases, but sometimes you had to make Christmas for others. Maybe Miss Brooks was right—maybe Christmas was for everybody.

State 'Bull Power' Better Than National Average

The record of the bulls used in North Carolina's artificial breeding program exceeds that of the national average for bulls in artificial breeding programs.

"Probably no other state in the United States has a group of bulls that will average as high as the bulls now in service in North Carolina," declares T. C. Blalock, dairy specialist for the N. C. State College Extension Service.

All of the bulls used in the State's artificial breeding program are "proven," which means that five or more of their daughters have exceeded the production records of their mothers.

In North Carolina, the bulls used in the artificial breeding program are selected from the top 2 per cent of all proven bulls.

Comparison of production records of daughters of Holstein bulls used in artificial breeding programs shows North Carolina bulls have sired daughters who produced an average of 14,381 pounds of milk and 538 pounds of butterfat as compared to a national average of 12,704 pounds of milk and 466 pounds of butterfat.

Comparisons of other breeds show North Carolina "proven" bulls ahead there, too.

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DON'T FEED sparrows! Catch them by the thousands with ORIGINAL VAIL SPARROW TRAPS. Big savings guaranteed. Write for details. Farm Service Company, Box 7921, Chicago, 35, Illinois.

Of Interest To Women

STAINLESS STEEL. 18-8 VAPOR-SEAL. One quart sauce pans, $6.50; two quarts, $7.50; 3½, $8.89; Four, $10.50; Six $13.50. Percolators, $13.50. Pressure cookers. Roasters. Skillets. Major Company, 71 Milford, Springfield, Mass.

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DELICIOUS RIBBON CANE SYRUP No. 10 can, $2.00; Fine sugar cured bacon, 3 lbs., $2.00 postpaid. Goodwill Bargains, Fullerton, La.

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Flock Owners

(*From Page* 5)

farm flock owners like to reproduce their own flocks in order to have a constant supply of young chickens available. "This is understandable," Dearstyne says, "but it should be realized that the chicks hatched are a reflection of their parents. Good parent stock is necessary if the chicks are to live and put on flesh economically."

North Carolina's rural economy is greatly aided by enterprises that will give a cash income throughout the year, Dearstyne says. "Well-fed, well-bred, and well-managed chickens will bring about this end.

South River Repays

(*From Page* 3)

major reason the co-op was able to retire the loan ahead of schedule. South River members now use an average of 175 kilowatt-hours per month, he said—an increase of 37 per cent in the last year.

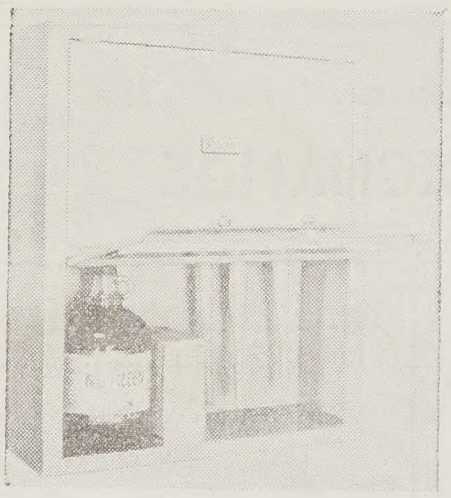
Edwards pointed out that this particular loan was retired because it was the oldest. Since the cooperative operates on a policy of area coverage, all loans will be repaid in this manner until the entire organization is debt-free.

NEW PRODUCTS
For
Better Farming—
Better Living

New Milkhouse Cabinet Offered

A new milkhouse cabinet has been added to the line of dairy farm products now being manufactured by the Rhinehart Company, 1227 Polk Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

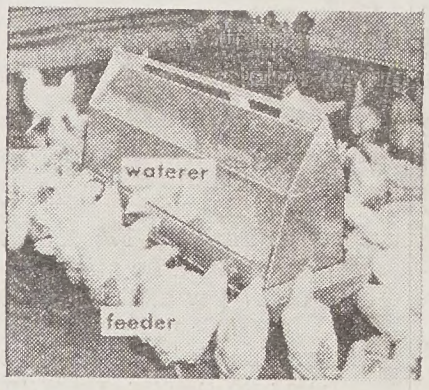
Designed to meet requirements of Grade A milkhouses, the Rhinehart cabinet has convenient double-door overlapping construction. This design permits easy access to the cabinet and minimizes dust contamination.



The Rhinehart milkhouse cabinet is made of heavy 24-gauge steel, has all-welded construction for maximum strength, and is finished in an attractive blue-gray hammertone enamel. The two-compartment cabinet measures 24" wide—28" high—9" deep—and is designed to easily accommodate one-gallon glass jugs.

Feed-Fount Holds 225 Pounds of Feed

Eat and drink at the same time and same place—that's what Russell Manufacturing Company, Caro, Michigan, says your chickens can do with their new Feed-Fount. This company advises that their new product automatically provides water for birds right at the feeder where they need it most. The automatic trough waterer of the Feed-Fount is located right over the feed where it is instantly accessible for the birds.



If there is trouble keeping the floor litter dry, this combination of feeder and waterer should solve the problem, because water from bill or wattles fall into feed. Then it is immediately eaten by the birds.

The manufacturer advises that the waterer is self cleaning; any feed which falls into the water is eaten by the birds. The exclusive wire agitators, on which patents are applied for, are moved by the feeding chickens assuring an even flow of feed without clogging. Wire agitators also prevent billing the feed on the floor.

The Feed-Fount holds 225 pounds of feed. There is enough feed to last the average flock two weeks.

The Feed-Fount can be used with either pressure water systems or gravity systems. It can be used as a range feeder and waterer by adding a winged roof attachment to protect the feed from rain. An ordinary garden hose can be attached to the waterer.

Convertible Harrow Now on Market

The new Dearborn Fold-Over Disc Harrow is two harrows in one, according to G. D. Andrews, Vice-President in Charges of Sales, Dearborn Motors.

This versatile implement can be used as a tandem disc harrow or a bush and bog harrow.

The front gangs have eight notched discs, 20 inches in diameter and spaced nine inches apart. There are ten 18-inch discs on the rear gangs, spaced at seven and a quarter inches. Both front and rear gangs are permanently set at twenty degree angles for most efficient performance in all types of soil and field conditions. Used as a bush and bog harrow, there are 90 pounds of

weight on each blade. The cutting width is six feet in either position.

Index of prices received by farmers declined 2 per cent from mid-August to mid-September. Prices paid by farmers declined 1 per cent.

Whatever the weather,
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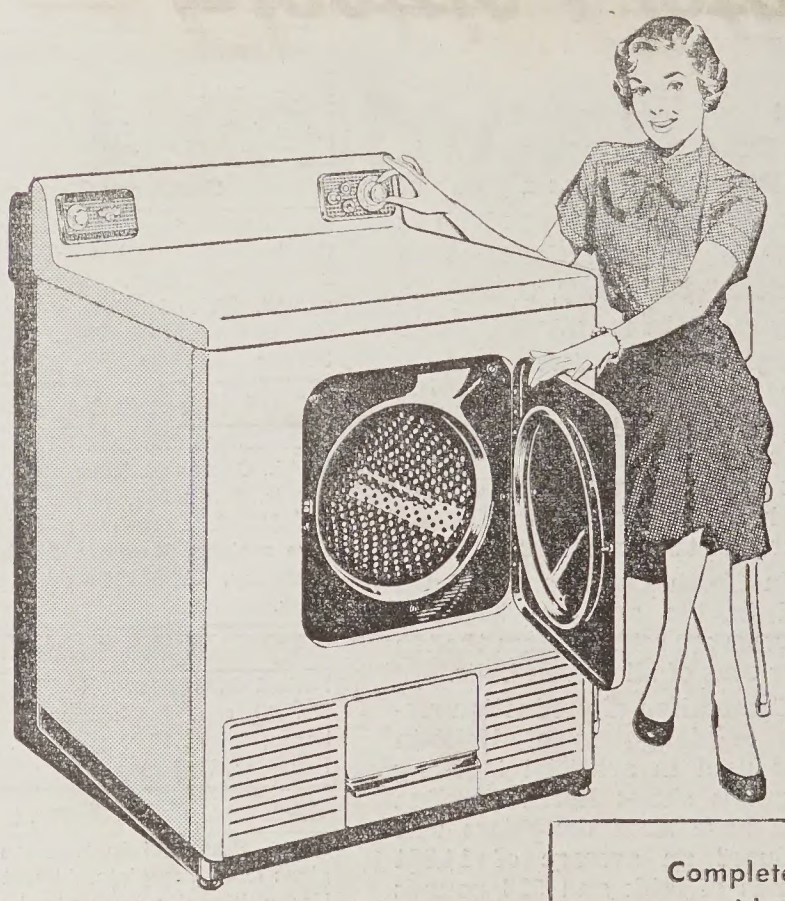

Here's a dryer you can put *anywhere* in your home . . . upstairs or down, because it never throws steamy heat or sticky lint around any room. Frigidaire's exclusive Filtrator definitely traps lint and moisture. The Filtra-matic does a grand clothes drying job without the need of outside venting or extra plumbing. And, the Filtra-matic is the only dryer with cabinet and revolving clothes drum finished in rustproof Lifetime Porcelain, to add extra years to its life.

Many Frigidaire convenience features, such as the Dry-O-Matic Timer, the Ozone Lamp, snag-free loading, new fast-heating Radiantube Units, heavy insulation and a full-opening door—all make the new Frigidaire Filtra-matic Clothes Dryer today's best dryer value!

Visit your Frigidaire Dealer's Showroom. There's a Frigidaire Dealer near you. See him next time you're in town. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

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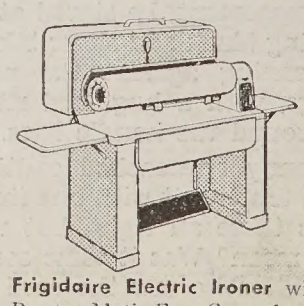
Frigidaire Automatic Washer with Live Water Action that frees and floats away deep-down, ground in dirt. Rapidry Spin, Select-O-Dial, Lifetime Porcelain finished cabinet and tub.



Frigidaire Electric Ironer with Prestoe Matic Foot Control, cuts ironing time in half. Lets you iron sitting. Features include Open-Roll Drive, Speed Selector and Adjustable Heat Control.